He had been opposed in battle to the or a mitoelieving dog had his good saor the war, and too frequently the grow of the Holy Cross dimmed was the grow of the Holy Cross dimmed by the luste of the triumphant Crescent. Such and disasters were seldom alluded to by the trave hutsar, but he loved to dwell on the successful actions in which he had It was in one of these fierce combats

that cut off suddenly from his party, he Turks; "but the recollection of you and your augel mother," would Ludovic say to his deugliter, "nerved my arm. I was assailed by all my apponents. How three fell I knew not; but severe and long was the conflict with the last of my foes, whose powerful arm was raised against me. Already I saw my wife a mournful widow, and my child fatherless, and these dreadful thoughts influsing fresh vigor into my arm, I smote the infidel dog to death, hurled him from his steed, and rifted him as he lay. At this moment saveral of the enemy appeared in ement saveral of the enemy appeared in sight; but I was too much exhausted to renew the perflous conflict. My gallant horse lay wounded and in the agonies of death. I shrew myself on the Turkish courser, and forced him on at his utmost speed until regained my squadron. The saddle was steeped in the blood of my foe, and mine mingled with it. When a cessation of hostilities permitted the troops to rest for a space from the horrors of war, I hastened with the treasure which, during the campnign, I had acquired, to my home—pur-chased these fertile fields around my dwelling, and forgot for a season the miseries

The good Ludovic would here pause. He still retained a lively recollection of his lost wife; and he could not bear to relate the cir cumstances of her illness and death. After that sad ovent, his home became hateful to nim, and he resolved again to engage in the arduous duties of a soldier. The little Theresa was kindly adopted into the family of his only brother, and there after a lapse of some years our good hussar found his daughter blooming in youthful beauty. Ludovic arrived only in time to close hi

brother's eres, who, on his death bed, en treated him to bestow Theresa on his only son when they should have attained a proper age. Grateful for his almost parental care of his child, and moved by the situation of his brother, whose whole heart seem ed to be bent on this union, Ludovic promised that when his daughter should uttained the age of eighteen she should become the wife of Karl, provided Karl himself desired the connection at that time; and satisfied with this promise, the old man died in peace.

This engagement was concealed from Theresa, but it was known to Karl, who ex plied in the thought that this rich prize would one day be his. With low habits and a coarse turn of mind, the delicate graces of Theresa had no charms for him; he loved her not, but he loved the wealth which one day would be hers, and which he looked upon with a greedy eye. The thousand soft and nameless feelings which secompany a generous passion were unknown to Karl. It was a bard task to him to attend his gentle mistress; nor did he ever appear disposed to play the part of a except when some other seemed inclined to supply his place.

It was a rural fete given by Ludovic to his neighbors at the termination of an abun-dant harvest, that Karl first chose openly to assert his right. He had taken it for granted that he should open the dance with The resa. What, then, was his indignation, when, on entering the apartment where the guests were assembled, he saw Theresa, her slender waist encircled by the arm of a young hussar, and moving in the graceful

The evident superiority of his rival, whose well knit limbs, firm step, free and martial air, formed a strong contrast to his own clownish figure and awkward gait, only increased his ire, and in violent wrath he advanced to Theresa, insisting on his right to open the dance with her. Theresa pleaded her engagement; he persisted; she refus ed his request, and laughed at his anger. He became violent and rude. The hussar interfered, and the quarrel rose so high as

to draw Ludovic to the spot.

Karl, in a voice almost choked with passion, faid his grievances before him. Theresn, in a tone of indignation, complained to her father of his insolence, and appealed to him whether she were not at liberty to se lect any partner for the dance she thought

Proper.

"You have no such liberty," thundered forth Karl; "you are my betrothed wife, and as such belong to me alone." Theresa cast on him a smile full of scorn

and contempt, but it faded as she looked to her father; and a paleness overspread her countenance as she inquired, "Father, does this man speak the truth?"

"He does, my child," was the reply; and she dropped insensible at his feet.

The young hussar now knelt down be-side her, passionately kissed her fair fore-head, and raising her in his arms, bore her to an adjoining spartment, followed by the father and Karl. Theresa slowly revived. At first shesaw no one, and breathing a deep was a father—I pleaded the destitute state sigh, she murmured, "It was all a horrid dream;" an anguished groan startled her into perception and agony. She looked up and saw her father standing before her with a countenance clouded with grief; Karl also stood near with an exulting smile; and the hussar knelt beside her, but his face was buried in his hands. She then found it was no dream. She looked to her father. "Father, is there no hope?"

"None, my honor is pledged!"
She turned to the hussar, and placed for moment her cold hands on his; then rising quickly, she threw herself at the feet of

"Oh, Karl, have mercy! I love another you do not love me - have pity on us!" "By all the powers of heaven and hell, you shall be mine, Theresa!"

"I appeal to my father."
"Will your father violate his promise to

"I will not," said Ludovic with solemni-

"Then, Theresa," exclaimed Kres, with fiend-like exultation, no power or earth shall save you from being mine!" and saying thus

he left the house.
Theresa rose from her kness and threw Theresa rose from her knees and threw terself into the arms of her lover. The presence of her father was no restraint on her pure tenderness. Her tears fell fast upon his countenance, but his agony was too great for that relief. Ludovic was dueply moved. He approached them, and he related under what circumstances his promise had been given; but his concluding words, "that he must hold it sacred," threw them

nto a new paroxysm of grief.
"We must part, then, Arnhold," said the
weeping Theresa, "we must part—ab! can e survive this cruel blow?"

"No," said Arnhold, "no, I cannot live ithout you; let us once more entreat your ather to have pity on us;" and the youth-ul lovers threw themselves at his feet.

"Arnhold," said Ludovic sternly, "thou a soldier, and ask me to tarnish my honor!" Arnhold felt the appeal; he started up aised the weeping Theresa, cut off with his abre one long tress, embraced and kissed er, placed her in the arms of her father,

Every passing day carried with it some ortion of the fortitude of Theresa, as she aw the near approach of the period which ras to consign her to a fate so dreadful. Three little weeks were all that lay between er and misery. Ludovic endeavored to even had her affections been disengaged, Carl would have been distasteful to er; but with affections placed on another, the idea of a union with him appeared insupporta

"My dear child," would Ludovic say, in terrupting a passionate burst of grief, "by what magic has Arnhold gained possession f your heart?"
"He is a hussar," replied Theresa.

There was something in this reply which noved Ludovic. He recollected that he imself had imbued the mind of his daugher with sentiments of respect and esteem or the character of a good soldier; and conscience reminded him that he had too often exulted in the profession of arms over the seaceful and unobtrusive occupations of he husbandman. Was it wonderful, then that Theresa should have embibed some thing of this spirit, or that she should have ielded her heart to one who possessed cour age to defend her, and tenderness to soothe ier under the afflictions of life? Arnhole dwelt near them, he had been the early playmate of Theresa, and together they had often with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, listened to the warlike exploits which he good Ludovic delighted to narrate to them; and to these conversations may be attributed the passionate desire of Arnhold o adopt the profession of arms. Accusto med to see them play together as chil-dren, and liking the society of the generous and spirited boy, Ludovic forgot the danger, when their childhood passed away, of their affections assuming a totally different character. It was so, Ludovic now saw, with leep grief, that his daughter was unaltern bly attached to the youthful soldier.

If Theresa was unhappy, her father was carcely less so. He blamed his own im orudence; and on contrasting the characters f the two youths, a violent conflict between is feelings and his duty arose in his breast; but the stern honor of the soldier triumph d, and he deemed himself bound to com ed, and he deemed himself bound to com-plete the sacrifice. Unable, however, to en-dure the sight of her grief, he carried her to the abode of a youthful female friend, who formerly resided near them, but on her marriage had removed to a village about sixty miles from the dwelling of Ludovic. There he left Theresa, after receiving her solemn promise that she would return with him the day before that on which she should complete her eighteenth year. "Father," said she with streaming eyes, "I have never deceived you. If I live, I will return; but do not grieve too deeply should my heart break in this fearful struggle." The old hussar dashed away a tear which strayed down his scarred and sun-burnt cheek, emraced his child and departed.

Time wore gradually away, and at last the day arrived which was to seal Theresa's fate. It found her in a state of torpid despair. Exhausted by ner previous struggles, all feeling seemed to be dead, but her mind was awakened to new suffering. A friend arrived to conduct her to her father. The good Ludovic apparently lay on the bed of death, and with Lreathless impatience Theresa pursued her journey.

On her arrival, her father's sick room

was not solitary. The detested Karl was there, and there, too, was the youthful hus-

"My child," said Ludovic, "my days are numbered; my fate must soon be decided, and, alas! yours also. To my dying brother solemnly promised that on this day I would offer you to his son for his bride. Without fulfilling my engagement, I could not die in peace—even the grave would afford no rest. Can you sacrifice yourself for

my future repose.
"I can—I will," cried the unfortunate
Theresa, sinking on her knees, "so help me Heaven.

"Heaven will bless a dutiful child!" said Ludovic with fervor. "Karl, draw near."

Karl obeyed-Theresa shuddered. "That, however," continued Ludovic, "which I look upon as my greatest earthly treasure, I give you with my daughter. You, Karl, believe me to have some virtures. Alas! alas! you know not the secret sins which have sullied my life -the rapine the murder-but enough of this. I have confessed to my ghostly father, and have obtained absolution for the dark catalogue, but on the condition that I leave all my wealth to the church as an atonement for of my child; I implored, I entreated. At length I wrung for the pious father his conure for my Theresa. I chose my saddle. Ions syrup—yield of syrup to juice 1 to 6 12. From 1 4 of an acre—old land—red

"Fooll" exclaimed Karl, "doting idiot! how dare you purchase exemption from 1 to 6. From red clay land, I got in one punishment at my expense! Your wealth is mine—your possessions should be the portion of my bride. I will reclaim them compass and chain, 2 A. 1 R. 25 P.—exrom those avaricious monks and tear them

"You cannot-you dare not!" replied Ludovic, raising his voice in anger; "my agreement with your father had reference to my the sun three days, 1192 pounds to the to have her or not.

"think you that I will accept of a portion seed weighed 42 pounds to the bushel. ask for any but her.

purpose—I renounce her."

"Give her to me, father," cried Arnhold:
"I awear to cherish and protect her white
life is in my body! Give her to me, dear
father; and when she shall be the loved wife of my bosom, I will live for her-ny, and

die for her!"

Karl laughed in mockery. "You value life but lightly," said he, "when you talk of sacrificing it for a woman; I never knew one worth the trouble of winning, and least of all Thoresa."

all Theresa."

The young hussar laid his band on his-sabre. Theresa throw herself between them. At the same moment Ludovic sprang from his couch—tore the covering from his head,—snatched his saddle from the wall where it hung,—saled the saddle from the wall where t hung-seized the sabre-with one stroke it hung—sejzed the sabre—with one stroke laid it open, and a stream of golden bezants, oriental pearls, and sparkling jewels fell on the earth. Wretchl worm! vile clod of the earth! Art thou not justly punished! Hence, reptile! By before I forget that thou art of my blood!" Ludovic raised his sabre, and the dastardly Karl fled, without thating to give utterance to the imprecation which hung on his colorless lips.

Trampling under foot the costly jewels which lay strewed around, Theresa rushed forward and subraced her father, exclaiming, "is this a dream! are you indeed.

claiming, "is this a dream? are you indeed

restored to mef can this bliss be real?"

Forgive me, my child," exclaimed Ludovic, "the pain I have been obliged to give your gentle heart. My effort to make that wrotch resign his claim to your hand has been successful. Grudge not that a part of our store has been appropriated to the Holy Church; not to purchase the forgiveness of the sins I enumerated, and of which, thank Heaven, I am guiltless, but to be the blessed means of saving you from a miserable fate Kneel down, my children-ny, support her. Arnhold—lay her innocent head upon your bosom, and receive the fervent benediction of an old hussar."

[From the Winstoro Register] RIDGEWAY, S. C., Oct., 1857 To the members of the Fairfield Agricultu

ral Society. GENTLEMEN: As there seems to be quite n interest taken in our District in the de relopments of the properties of the Holeus Sacharatus, Sorgho Sucre or Chinese Sugar Cane, as President of your Society, I take the privilege of addressing to you this coun nunication, containing a synopsis of the reults of a series of experiments made by me his fall, with this recently imported plant And as it is probable that it will for the fuure prove to be a useful auxiliary in the conomy of a plantation, it may not be uninteresting to give such facts connected with the history of its first introduction into Europe and this country, as are to be found in a work entitled, "Sorgho and Im-phee, or the Sugar Canes," by H. S. Olcott. he author informs us that it was first inroduced into France in 1851, by the Coune Montigny, the then consul of France at Shangai, China-who sent with other seeds and plants a few seeds under the he name of "The Sugar Cane of the North of China" to the Geographical Society of Paris; of these only one seed germinated, and the seed from this one plant were distributed by the Agricultural Comice of Toulon, and the second year after, M. Val-morin, the distinguished Agriculturist of France, purchased eight hundred seed for s many francs-and from him Mr. J. D. Browne, Agent of the Patent Office, obtain ed the seed which were distributed through out the United States from that office

rope, from Natal, Africa, the seed of a plant called by the natives Imphee or sweet reed. This is represented to be a much richer su gar yielding cane than the Sorgho. Mr. Wray-as I am informed-has grown the Imphee in our State this year. Both Sor. gho and Imphee yield very profitable re-turns of Alcohol and syrup, and under pecoliar methods of treatment—patented by Mr. Wray—the juice yields a beautiful crystalized sugar. From the experiments I made last year with the Sorgho, I was satisfied that it could be made a source of much usefulness to the planter, as a syrupyielding and forage crop, and therefore saved my seed with care, to test the practical properties of this plant.

I selected ground of different qualities and soils for trial-and as seed were scarce, I did not plant until May-at which time it was bedded up in rows three feet apart -the beds were opened with a narrow short bull tongue plough -the seed dropped every 12 inches, three or four in a place and covered with a board -a harrow would be apt to misplace the seed. When the plants could be distinctly seen in the row, they were "sided"-the earth thrown from them-and thinned, with a hoe, to one in a hill, and when the plants had gotten to be 18 inches or 2 feet high, the earth thrown back, and they were hoed a second time; and when waist high, the "middles" thrown out with a large shovel plough, one farrow, and they were "laid by," making the cultivation five furrows to the row and I first tried the cane, when it was just

beginning to head-made one quart of syrup to 18 quarts of juice. 2d. When the cane had headed out, but still perfectly green-made 1 to 12, 3d. When the heads or panicles had become dark, and the seed on the upper part fully formed — made 1 to 9. 4th. When the seed on the lower part of the head or panicle had matured. i. e., firm and had entirely passed from the milk to the dough state—(the seed on the upper part of the panicle, matures some time before those on the lower part) made 1 to 6 1.2. 1 think, for syrup purposes, the cane should be cut at this age, as the lower joints at this stage begin to lose their sweetness. From 1-16 of an acre, first year's new ground, ridge land, made 5 galsatisfied to relinquish worldly goods for my soul's health? Are you content to take my land—manured would have made perhaps 8 bushels of corn—made 65 gallous syrup, instance 1 to 5. From low land on branch daughter only-my wealth formed no part acre. The seed, after having been cut from the panicles or stalks two weeks, meas-

The piece of land was manured from the stable—and would have yielded, as it has done for the last seven years, from 18 to 20 bushels of corn to the acre. No account was taken of seed and fodder that the upland made, but I suppose it would have made one fourth as much.

My opinion—based on the results of these experiments—is, that the cane grown on upland is risher in accharine matter than cane grown on hottoms—but a much greater quantity of ayrup, seed and fodder can be made from bettom, as the yield of cane to the space is so much greater. I have made in all, this season, 626 gallons of good thick syrup.

of good thick syrup.

I treated the cold juice with the flour of lime—one tenspoonful to five gallous of juice—also with super carb. soda—same proportions. I also treated the juice in the same way—when it had been boiled awhile; both invariably made the syrup dark. used the white of eggs, bone black and singlass, and could see no beneficial effects from the use of either. The syrup made from the juice, treated thus with lime or so da, would change the color of Litmus paper nearly as much as that made from juice treated with neither—sugar house syrup-Florida syrup, New Orleans and W.I. molasses, will change thee olor of Litmus paper more or less.

I therefore prefer defecating or purifying the juice by heat alone, without the aid of either alkali or albuminous substances - and the syrup thus made is clearer than Stew. art's sugar house syrup, and is the color of

thick honey.

The juice from cane grown on upland, at a temperature 78 deg. Farnht., forced the saccharometer up to 15—the juice from low land cane only to 14 deg. The saccharometer used was one made by Pullock & Crenshaw, Philadelphia, and graduated from 0 deg. to 90 deg. I have been informed by a gentleman from Florida, that the saccharemeter rises to only 9 deg. in the juice of Louisiana cane, 10 in Florida, and 12 in Cuban. And the juice of the Florida cane

requires 9 gailons to make one of syrup.

In making the syrup, I strained the juice through a blanket, and when in the kettle applied a gentle heat to make the scum ise so as to be skimmed off-it must be permitted to boil until defecation or purifieation has been accomplished—as soon as this has been attained, boil as rapidly as possible until done. The time for remov-ing it from the kettle, is when it is of the color of boiling sugar candy-and emits a puffing bubble-but the knowledge of the proper time for taking it off can be which nore easily learnt than described, and must be acquired by experimenting with small quantities before commencing operations regularly. The longer the juice is boiled, the thicker will be the syrup. I

made from 40 to 50 gallons per day. I used a cast iron mill, of the vertica collers, purchased of Wm. Glaze, Palmette Works, Columbia, for \$75; two kettles, with the capacity of 120 gallons, purchased of Messrs. Fisher & Agnew, Columbia, for \$42 each. A mill with three rollers much better, as it presses the case much more thoroughly. I am confident I did not get more than 4 5ths of the juice from the cane.

I kept three negro men and three boys

10 or 12 years old, employed about the mill and boilers, and used two mules to work the mill. I consumed in making the 626 gallons syrup seven cords of pine wood, and one pint of oil about the mill.

Hogs are foud of the seed, and eat the

bagassorcane that has been pressed through Mr. Wray, a sugar planter from Calcut and seed. I feed my mules and horses for the per cent, on the land and labor necessary he mill with considerable relish-mine ta, introduced, at the same time, into Eu- a week on it, and can discover no injurious deleterious effects therefrom.

Hoping that this paper may be of use to those who may wish to plant the I remain, gentlemen, very respectfully

your obedient servant,
HENRY C. DAVIS.

I should think the proper time for plant ng is late in March or early in April, so as to commence making syrop just after the crops are "laid by" and before cotton pick-ing commences. My cane this year was not ready until about 10th September.

MANNERS IN THE MIDDLE AGES .- Rude were the manners then; man and wife ate off the same trencher; and a few wooden handled knives, with blade of rugged iron, were a luxury for the great; candles unknown. A servant girl held a torch at supper; one, or at most too, mugs of coarse brown earthenware formed all the drinking apparatus in a house. Rich gentlemen ore clothes of unlined leather. Ordinary persons scarcely ever touched flesh meat. Noble mansions drunk little or no wine in summer-a little corn seemed wealth. Woman had trivial marriage-portions-even adies dressed extremely plain. The chief part of a family's expense was what the males spent in arms and horses, none of which, however, were either very good or very showy; and grandees had to lay out money on their lofty towers. In Daute's comparatively polished times, ladies began to paint their cheeks by way of finery, going to the theatre, and to use less assiduity in spinning and plying their distaff.

[History of the Order of St. John.

Quite a Cow, and "Some" Pigs.—The Salem Gazette tells the following: "A friend informs us that there is a cow pastured in the vicinity of Bridge street, that will elevate her head into a pear tree until her horns are entangled in the branches, shake till the fruit falls, and then deliberately unfasten herself and eat the pears from the ground. He states that he saw the operaion performed nearly a dozen times a few days since. Several years ago our attention was called to a similar performance by two pigs, in whose sty a worthless plum tree grew. One or the other of these animals would take the sleuder trunk in his mouth and shake, and then listen to hear if a plum Rye, Barley or Wheat will—try them. feil, and when that result was accomplished, would make a tumultuous scramble for the fruit. This latter sight we saw personally?

The Newburyport Herald tells the followng post office anecdote: A rap at the delivery.

Postmaster-Well, my lad, what will you pressed 2420 gallons juice, made 320 1-2 go along as fast as it can, cause there's a gallons syrup—yield 1 to 7 1-2. The fodder stripped from the above mentioned cane courted by another feller what aint here, -weighed, after having been exposed to and she wants to know whether he's going

WOMAN.-The last and best of all series.

Sweer Porators.—This crop should be housed towards the close of this month. There is an old notion prevalent among planters, of Indian origin, we suppose, that "frost should kill the vines first." It is immaterial in what way you put up your po-tatoes; you have no guarantee that they will keep sound, if the vines be killed by frost before you dig them. Frost, sufficient-ly hard to kill the vines, will freeze the surface of the earth to a sufficient depth to chill and seriously injure many of the roots. Do not delay digging beyond the 20th in this latitude.

SWEET POTATO VINES AS HAY. - It is re Sweet Potato Vines as Hay,—It is remarkable that planters will allow their potato vines to be killed by frost, to the serious injury of the root, and total loss of the vines, previous to gathering, and yet they will spend time in saving pea vines that are done growing and partially dry, and fodder (corn blades) after the corn is mature; neither or both together are worth as much as the potato vine for stock food by 25 per cent. On the 20th of this month, and earlier, in proportion as you go northward it the cotton region, the potatoe vine is in a a state of luxuriant growth, having shed none of its leaves, full of saccharine matter and starch. They may be gathered with great rapidity, and easily cured, as there is rarely rain about the 20th of October There is no forage in the class of hays, for stock-cattle and mules, to be compared t well-cured sweet potato vines.

Spock.-The stock of the plantation, and especially your porkers, and those of every variety intended for exhibition at our State Fair, should be receiving extra attention this month. Every facility afforded them now for putting on fat will aid greatly to their comfort and well-doing through the winter. The stock, both cattle and hogs, should be allowed to glean the corn field after gathering—they receive much benefit from it; in and during this month, before the rains and frost commence, they do the land no injury by gleaning and walking over the land in dry weather, but they should be kept off the fields in rainy weather

Corron SEED .- You are now ginning, and your cotton seed intended for manure should be kept from the weather and under cover. In no item of the same value deer the plantation lose so much as in its cotton seed intended for manure, which ar thrown in heaps against the side of the gin house, to lie through the winter, decaying and exposed to the sun, wind and rain. In this condition, a heap of cotton seed lose 30 to 50 per cent, of its value or the baid die of February. We shall call attention to this subject again in our article of work for January, when we shall go fully into nure for both corn and coston, in their un rotted state. This may to many persons, appear paradoxical at first view, as nothing is properly food for plants in its undecayed condition; yet our experience of several years has proved conclusively that such the solubility of cotton seed, that put jeto the ground in January or February, they furnish food for the young plant, either corn or cotton, as soon as it is up. In this way none of the valuable gases are lost by evaporation, etc., as in the case of rotting he seed in the bulk. WHEAT.-The period for seeding this

around

most important crop has again, rolled around. We have often called the atten tion of our planting friends to the impor tance and economy of raising their own wheat at home, here at the South. There is no crop more certain, or that pays a betty to grow it. We are to be innered all there to say that it is a certain and countries that it is a certain and countrie successful experience, and a section of the land of a needear parents of fact we predicate upon the following is sential conditions: Deep plowing in the stood upon his head? The effect cannot preparation of the land, through manuring be described. It was gleevie. The shoats and early sowing. In this way, twenty or or laughter which followed the mistake or thirty bushels per acre may be as certainly expected from our land as a fair yield of cotton. The planter that is satisfied with seven to ten bushels per acre will very soon lose his seed; and, like the planter who plants cotton from three to five hundred pounds per acre in continued disappointment, laments the uncertain and un avorable seasons, and rails out upon the unfavorable climate. Three to five acres will produce an ample supply of wheat for almost any family in the country. This may be well prepared, when the produce will be from sixty to one hundred bushels. The true cause of failure in wheat raising among cotton planters consists mainly in sowing twenty to forty acres on corn stubble annually, and that late in November or the first of December, and plow in with plows worn out in cultivating the cotton crop! Let every planter who can commence now and prepare by deep and thor ough plowing some three to five acres, then spread on it 500 bushels per acre of good compost manure, and then if you have no harrow, prepare your seed wheat, a good variety, by brining either with salt or bluestone, and drying with lime or plaster of Paris, sow the seed, one to one and a half bushels per acre, and plow in with a scooter, after which brush it over evenly. A good harrow supersedes the necessity of the scooter, plowing and brush. Who of our friends will try this for the Alabama State

Agricultural Society's premiums next year?
Rye, Barley and Whear.—If you have eglected sowing either of the above for pasturage through the winter, neglect it no longer; as sown after October they will not produce pasturage worth the trouble. Either of these grains sown in September or the early part of October will produce on good fair soil better pasturage than any of the so called "Winter Grasses." Grass does well in summer-none better than our native "Crab Grass," or the "Bermuda," Lut will not do to rely on during winter. But

since. "No wonder," replied his companion, for a dollar in those days could be made to go a great deal farther than at the present

In a country paper, the marriage of a Mr. Cooper to Miss Staves is announced. The result will probably be barrels. (Exchange.) "Driveller—dotard!" vociferated Karl— ured out 46 bushels to the acre, and the If we may have her for a toast, we won't vers, and if any of them be daughters, it will eventuate in hoops.

Douguearr.—If we speak ill of the new generally they will rise against us if we do the same of any individual woman, they will all agree with us.

Charles Lemman.—Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.

Daniel Brekne.—Most women are endowed with naturally endearing charms, that even their presence is generally bear ficial. MADAME DE STAEL. - Love, in a wo

life, is a history; in a man's; an episode.

CATALANT.—Only he who has nothin
to hope from a woman is truly sincers her praise.
DIDEROT.—There exists among women.

secret tiel like that among the priests of the same faith. They hate each other, yet protect each others interests.

STAHL.—No woman, even the most intellectual, believes herself decidedly homely. This self-deception is natural, for there are

some most charming women without a particle of beauty.
OCTAVE FEUILLIT. Providence bas dained the happiness of a man in but two beings; his own mother and the mother of

beings: his own mother and the mother of his children. Besides these two legitimate kinds of love, there is nothing between the two creatures except vain excitement, pain-ful and idle delusion.

Alphonse Karr.—Say of a woman that

she is wicked, obstinate, frivolous, but add that she is beautiful, and be assured that she will ever think kindly of you. Say she is good, kind, virtuous, sensible, but-very homely, and she will never forgive you in her life. "She has a forehead of ivery, eyes of sapphire, eye brows and hair of ebe cheeks of damask roses, coral lips and tooth of pearl." Such a description, and it is fre-quently made, might tempt a thief, but not honest man.

Madame de Maintenon.—In everything

that women write there will be a thousand faults against grammar, but to a certainty always a charm never to be found in the otters of men.
Ductos.—Great and rare offerings at

found aimost exclusively among woman nearly an the happiness and most blessed noments in lose are of their creating, an somise in friendship, especialis, when it for Madami Fee A woman frequently to

sis the fore she feels, but emitted resist the J. J. ROUSSEAU. Man can better philos

opilize on the humane heart, but womer n read it better.

Micirater.—It is a universal rule, which

as fur-as I know, has no exception, that great men always resemble their mothers, who impress their mental and physical mark upon their sons.

A THEATRICAL CONTRETEMPS,-A melo frama was some few years since played in certain theatre, the chief actor in which had made himself, from his baughty and overbearing conduct, disliked by one and all. In the last scene be was supposed to visit the tombs of his aucestors. centre of the stage, upon a marble pedestal stood the statue of his father. A hear fold of drapery covered the figure. Enter Albert-"Once again," he lays, "to guze upon those feature, which he life so often the scenesmen effectually put an end to the scene, which changed to the next as quick as possible, amid the bravos of the audience, the anger of the manager, and the uncon

trollable rage of the actor. The Irish peasant's pig repays the kind attentions of the family by an affectionate attachment. A gentleman who lately entered a cottage after the hours of work were over, found the master of the house walking briskly up and down in the rays of the setting sun, followed by an unwieldy pig, which turned with him as he paced to and fro. An inquiry elicited the following reply, given with the quiet earnestness of a man who feels that he is simply performing one of his daily duties, without a thought

man who feels that he is simply performing one of his daily duties, without a thought of its being in any way a singular one:

"Sure, y'r honor, and the crayter doesn't have his health without the exercise; and it isn't; all alone by himself that he will take his walk and he's grown too proud to walk with the childer now."

Agnes Amelia saw her grandmother putting a parcel of lucifer matches in a safety match-box. "Damura, how does Dod send the matches way down here from heaven?"

"Why, child, God doesn't send them from heaven—they are made here by people, and not by God in heaven." "O, no, Damma, they are made by Dod; I heard Mr. Jones say to Aunt Saily, last night, in the parlor, 'let's make a match, Miss Sally,' and aunt said, O, nol matches are made in heaven."

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"Stop my paper?" What tight have you to call the recommended to heave the county of the commended to his not come regularly. Yours, truly, &c.,

"Stop my paper?" What right have you to call it your paper until you have paid for it? You have been a subscriber ever since we commenced the publication of the Enquirer, and notwithstanding you have paid "nary rad" on your subscriptio, you have the hold effronery to call it your paper? We had at least supposed it was ours until it was paid for. We are at a loss which to admire most, the gool impudence with which you order us to stop your paper, or the more than niggardly meanness, sublimater. [Soil of the South.]

The Explanation.—One or two gentlemen recently conversing about the Natural bridge of Virginia, remarked that there was an extraordinary incident connected with it, for that Gen. Washington once threw a dollar completely over it, an achievement which has not been performed since. "No wonder," replied his companion.

eprobacy of mind.

In parting with you, as it is natural for meanness to want sympathy, we mention the fact, that we have a few more, though very few, of "the same sort." a few more, though very few, of "the same sort." We have one request to make, or rather some wholesome advice to impart; should your conscience, at any time awakened, good you with its scarpion sting to a nerse of honesty, and you seek to relieve its burden, give the small amount you owe us to some Missionary or Bible Cause, and this one praise, worthy action will cover a multitude of sins, and perhaps save others the pain and anguish that is sure to overtake the perpetrators of wrong and injustice.—Yor keille Enquirer.

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